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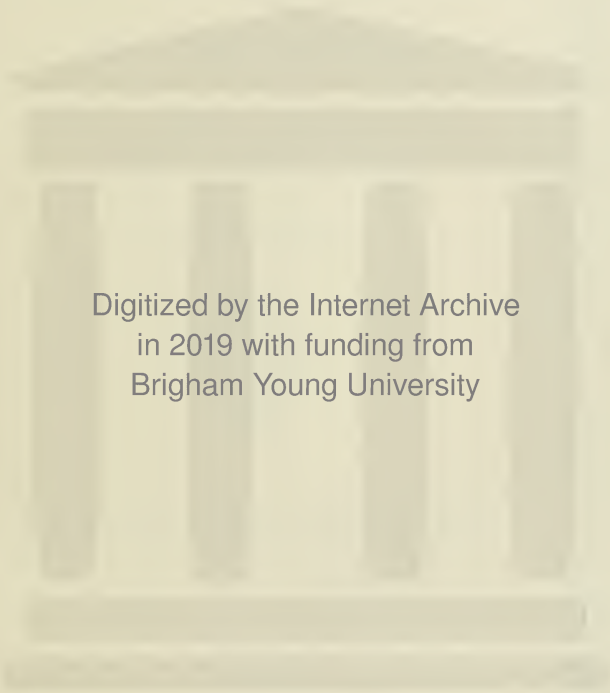

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PARADOXES
and
PROBLEMES

by JOHN DONNE

with two Characters
and an Essay of
VALOUR

Now for the first time reprinted from the editions of 1633 and 1652 with one additional PROBLEME

SOHO
THE NONESUCH PRESS
30 Gerrard Street
1923

This edition is limited to 645 copies, printed and made in England for the Nonesuch Press in the 17th century Fell types by Frederick Hall, printer to the University of Oxford. The type has been distributed. This is number 9

UPB

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Donne's Paradoxes and Problemes are clever and entertaining trifles, which were probably written before 1600, *during the more wanton period of their author's life. Owing to their scurrilous nature they could not be published during his lifetime, but shortly after his death the greater part of them were licensed to be printed, the* Imprimatur *printed at the end both of the eleven Paradoxes and of the ten Problemes being signed by Sir Henry Herbert and dated October* 25, 1632. *The volume was published under the title of* Juvenilia *in* 1633, *but already on November* 14, 1632, *an order of inquiry had been delivered at the King's command by the Bishop of London, calling upon Sir Henry Herbert to explain before the Board of the Star Chamber his reasons 'why hee warrented the booke of D. Duns paradoxes to be printed'. Perhaps Herbert's explanations were regarded as satisfactory, but, however this may have been, the King was not successful in suppressing the book. The volume is a thin quarto containing only thirty-two leaves, and was printed by Elizabeth Purslowe for Henry Seyle, to be sold at the sign of the Tyger's Head in St. Paul's Church-yard. The printer seems to have been somewhat*

somewhat careless in imposing the licences, for, although most copies contain the two, copies occur from which one or both have been omitted. It is not known through what channels the publisher obtained possession of the text, but it is probable that the publication was quite unauthorized, and took place even without the knowledge of the younger Donne, who, when he reprinted the Juvenilia *in 1652, made no reference to any previous issue.*

The Juvenilia *were at once in considerable demand, and seem to have been bought by many of the purchasers of the* Poems, *which were also first published in quarto in 1633. This is evident from the fact that the two books are so often found together in contemporary bindings, the lesser volume usually being relegated to the end. The first edition of the* Juvenilia *was thus soon exhausted and a second edition was published in the same year. So ineffectual did the Star Chamber inquiry prove to have been that in this edition the publisher not only omitted the* Imprimaturs *altogether and so abandoned all pretence of having any official sanction for the publication, but even added to the first Probleme, 'Why have Bastards best Fortune?', which was particularly offensive to the Court, twenty-three lines which had not appeared in the first edition. This edition, as before a quarto and with the same imprint, but containing only twenty-four leaves, is considerably rarer than its predecessor. It is unlikely, however, that this fact is to be attributed*

attributed to the King's having had any greater success than before in suppressing it. More probably the demand for it was less, so that part of the edition remained unsold and was subsequently destroyed.

In 1652 the younger Donne, in the course of his exploitation of his father's writings, prepared an authorized edition of the Juvenilia, *which was printed by Thomas Newcomb for Humphrey Moseley. The number of the Paradoxes was now increased to twelve and of the Problemes to seventeen, the offensive passages in the first Probleme being allowed to remain. To these were added two 'Characters', 'An Essay of Valour', 'A Sheaf of Miscellany Epigrams', a reprint of* Ignatius his Conclave, *and, finally, the* Essays in Divinity. *The Epigrams purport to have been written by the elder Donne in Latin and to have been translated into English by Jasper Mayne, D.D. They may have been printed by the younger Donne in good faith, as it seems to be certain that his father's* Epigrammata mea Latina *once existed; but the epigrams attributed to him in this volume are, as Mr. Gosse has shown* (Life and Letters of Donne, i. 16), *certainly spurious, and may well have been composed, as well as translated, by Mayne, who was an unprincipled, though witty, divine. The* Essays in Divinity *had been printed in 1651 for a different publisher, but they are very rarely found as a separate volume in a contemporary binding, for the younger Donne, as he made*

clear

clear in his preface, sought to temper the secularity of the Juvenilia *by issuing them in company with the* Essays in Divinity, *and in this way to invest the volume with an altogether fictitious respectability.*

Even in 1652 *the Paradoxes and Problemes were not printed entire. Another Probleme concerning Sir Walter Raleigh has been preserved in the Bodleian Library* (*Tanner MSS.* 299, *f.* 32), *the copier stating that it 'was so bitter that his son, Jack Donne, LL.D., thought fit not to print it with the rest'. Yet another has recently been discovered in a manuscript containing Donne's poems.*

The Juvenilia *have not been reprinted since* 1652. *In the present edition the text follows that of the second edition of* 1633, *amplified from the third edition of* 1652 *and with the additional Probleme from the Bodleian manuscript, already printed by Mr. Edmund Gosse in his* Life and Letters of Donne, 1899, ii. 52. *The spurious epigrams have not been included.*

GEOFFREY KEYNES

PARADOXES

I.

A Defence of Womens Inconſtancy.

THat Women are *Inconſtant*, I with any man confeſſe, but that *Inconſtancy* is a bad quality, I againſt any man will maintaine: For every thing as it is one better than another, ſo is it fuller of *change*; The *Heavens* themſelves continually turne, the *Starres* move, the *Moone* changeth; *Fire* whirleth, *Ayre* flyeth, *Water* ebbs and flowes, the face of the *Earth* altereth her lookes, *time* ſtayes not; the Colour that is moſt light, will take moſt dyes: ſo in Men, they that have the moſt reaſon are the moſt alterable in their deſignes, and the darkeſt or moſt ignorant, do ſeldomeſt change; therefore Women changing more than Men, have alſo more

more *Reaſon.* They cannot be immutable like ſtockes, like ſtones, like the Earths dull Center; Gold that lyeth ſtill, ruſteth; Water, corrupteth; Aire that moveth not, poyſoneth; then why ſhould that which is the perfection of other things, be imputed to Women as greateſt imperfection? Becauſe thereby they deceive men. Are not your wits pleaſed with thoſe jeſts, which coozen your expectation? You can call it Pleaſure to be beguil'd in troubles, and in the moſt excellent toy in the world, you call it Treachery: I would you had your *Miſtreſſes* ſo conſtant, that they would never change, no not ſo much as their *ſmocks*, then ſhould you ſee what fluttiſh vertue, *Conſtancy* were. *Inconſtancy* is a moſt commendable and cleanely quality, and Women in this quality are farre more abſolute than the Heavens, than the Starres, Moone, or any thing beneath it; for long obſervation hath pickt certainety out of their mutability. The Learned are ſo well acquainted with the Starres, Signes and Planets, that they make them but Characters, to reade the meaning of the Heaven in his owne forehead. Every ſimple Fellow can beſpeake the change of the *Moone* a great while beforehand: but I would faine have the learnedſt man ſo skilfull, as to tell when

when the ſimpleſt Woman meaneth to varie. Learning affords no rules to know, much leſſe knowledge to rule the minde of a Woman: For as *Philoſophy* teacheth us, that *Light things doe alwayes tend upwards*, and *heavy things decline downeward*; Experience teacheth us otherwiſe, that the diſpoſition of a *Light* Woman, is to fall downe, the nature of Women being contrary to all Art and Nature. Women are like *Flies*, which feed among us at our Table, or *Fleas* ſucking our very blood, who leave not our moſt retired places free from their familiarity, yet for all their fellowſhip will they never bee tamed nor commanded by us. Women are like the *Sunne*, which is violently carryed one way, yet hath a proper courſe contrary: ſo though they, by the maſtery of ſome over-ruling churliſh Husbands, are forced to his Byas, yet have they a motion of their owne, which their Husbands never know of. It is the nature of nice and faſtidious mindes to know things onely to bee weary of them: Women by their ſlye *changeableneſſe*, and pleaſing doubleneſſe, prevent even the miſlike of thoſe, for they can never be ſo well knowne, but that there is ſtill more unknowne. Every Woman is a *Science*; for hee that plods upon a Woman all his life

long,

long, ſhall at length find himſelfe ſhort of the knowledge of her: they are borne to take downe the pride of wit, and ambition of wiſedome, making *fooles* wiſe in the adventuring to winne them, *wiſemen* fooles in conceit of loſing their labours; witty men ſtarke mad, being confounded with their uncertaineties. *Philoſophers* write againſt them for ſpight, not deſert, that having attained to ſome knowledge in all other things, in them onely they know nothing, but are meerely ignorant: *Active* and *Experienced* men raile againſt them, becauſe they love in their liveleſſe and decrepit age, when all goodneſſe leaves them. Theſe envious *Libellers* ballad againſt them, becauſe having nothing in themſelves able to deſerve their love, they maliciouſly diſcommend all they cannot obtaine, thinking to make men beleeve they know much, becauſe they are able to diſpraiſe much, and rage againſt *Inconſtancy*, when they were never admitted into ſo much favour as to be forſaken. In mine Opinion ſuch men are happy that Women are *Inconſtant*, for ſo may they chance to bee beloved of ſome excellent Women (when it comes to their turne) out of their *Inconſtancy* and mutability, though not out of their owne deſert. And what

reaſon

reaſon is there to clog any Woman with one Man, bee hee never ſo ſingular? Women had rather, and it is farre better and more Iudiciall to enjoy all the vertues in ſeverall Men, than but ſome of them in one, for otherwiſe they loſe their taſte, like divers ſorts of meat minced together in one diſh: and to have all excellencies in one Man (if it were poſſible) is *Confuſion* and *Diverſity*. Now who can deny, but ſuch as are obſtinately bent to undervalue their worth, are thoſe that have not ſoule enough to comprehend their excellency, Women being the moſt excellenteſt Creatures, in that Man is able to ſubject all things elſe, and to grow wiſe in every thing, but ſtill perſiſts a foole in Woman? The greateſt *Scholler*, if hee once take a Wife, is found ſo unlearned, that he muſt begin his *Horne-booke*, and all is by *Inconſtancy*. To conclude therefore; this name of *Inconſtancy*, which hath ſo much beene poyſoned with ſlaunders, ought to bee changed into *variety*, for the which the world is ſo delightfull, *and a Woman for that the moſt delightfull thing in this world.*

That

2.

That Women ought to paint.

oulneſſe is *Lothſome:* can that be ſo which helpes it? who forbids his Beloved to gird in her waſte? to mend by ſhooing her uneven lameneſſe? to burniſh her teeth? or to perfume her breath? yet that the *Face* bee more preciſely regarded, it concernes more: For as open confeſſing ſinners are alwaies puniſhed, but the wary and concealing offenders without witneſſe doe it alſo without puniſhment; ſo the ſecret parts needs the leſſe reſpect; but of the *Face*, diſcovered to all Examinations and ſurvayes, there is not too nice a Iealouſie. Nor doth it onely draw the buſie eyes, but it is ſubject to the divineſt touch of all, to *kiſſing*, the ſtrange and myſticall union of ſoules. If ſhee ſhould proſtitute her ſelfe to a more unworthy Man than thy ſelfe, how earneſtly and juſtly wouldſt thou exclaime? that for want of this eaſier and ready way of repairing,

ing, to betray her body to ruine and deformity (the tyrannous *Raviſhers*, and ſodaine *Deflourers* of all Women) what a heynous Adultery is it? What thou loveſt in her *face* is *colour*, and *painting* gives that, but thou hateſt it, not becauſe it is, but becauſe thou knoweſt it. Foole, whom ignorance makes happy; the Starres, the Sunne, the Skye whom thou admireſt, alas, have no *colour*, but are faire, becauſe they ſeeme to bee coloured: If this ſeeming will not ſatisfie thee in her, thou haſt good aſſurance of her *colour*, when thou ſeeſt her *lay* it on. If her *face* bee *painted* on a Boord or Wall, thou wilt love it, and the Boord, and the Wall: Canſt thou loath it then when it ſpeakes, ſmiles, and kiſſes, becauſe it is *painted?* Are wee not more delighted with ſeeing Birds, Fruites, and Beaſts *painted* then wee are with Naturalls? And doe wee not with pleaſure behold the *painted* ſhape of Monſters and Divels, whom true, wee durſt not regard? Wee repaire the ruines of our houſes, but firſt cold tempeſts warnes us of it, and bytes us through it; wee mend the wracke and ſtaines of our Apparell, but firſt our eyes, and other bodies are offended; but by this providence of Women, this is prevented. If in *kiſſing* or *breathing* upon her, the *painting*

fall

fall off, thou art angry, wilt thou be ſo, if it ſticke on? Thou didſt love her, if thou beginneſt to hate her, then 'tis becauſe ſhee is not *painted.* If thou wilt ſay now, thou didſt hate her before, thou didſt hate her and love her together, bee conſtant in ſomething, and love her who ſhewes her great *love* to thee, in taking this paines to ſeeme *lovely* to thee.

3.

That by Diſcord things increaſe.

Nullos eſſe Deos, inane Cœlum
Affirmat Cœlius, probatq; quod ſe
Factum vidit, dum negat hæc, beatum.

So I aſſevere this the more boldly, becauſe while I maintaine it, and feele the *Contrary repugnancies* and *adverſe fightings* of the *Elements* in my Body, my Body increaſeth; and whilſt I differ from common opinions by this *Diſcord*, the number of my *Paradoxes* increaſeth. All the rich benefits we can frame to our ſelves in *Concord*, is but an *Even* conſervation of things; in which *Evenneſſe* wee can expect no *change*, no *motion*; therefore no *increaſe* or *augmentation*, which is a *member of motion*. And if this *unity* and *peace* can give *increaſe* to things, how mightily is *diſcord* and *war* to that purpoſe, which are indeed

indeed the onely ordinary *Parents* of *peace*. *Diſcord* is never ſo barren that it affords no fruit; for the *fall* of one *eſtate* is at the worſt the *increaſer* of another, becauſe it is as impoſſible to finde a *diſcommodity* without *advantage*, as to finde *Corruption* without *Generation:* But it is the *Nature* and *Office* of *Concord* to *preſerve* onely, which property when it leaves, it differs from it ſelfe, which is the greateſt *diſcord* of all. All *Victories* and *Emperies* gained by *warre*, and all *Iudiciall* decidings of doubts in *peace*, I doe claime children of *Diſcord*. And who can deny but *Controverſies* in *Religion* are growne greater by *diſcord*, and not the *Controverſie*, but *Religion* it ſelfe: For in a *troubled miſery* Men are alwaies more *Religious* then in a *ſecure peace*. The number of *good* men, the onely charitable nouriſhers of *Concord*, wee ſee is thinne, and daily melts and waines; but of *bad diſcording* it is infinite, and growes hourely. Wee are aſcertained of all *Diſputable* doubts, onely by *arguing* and differing in *Opinion*, and if formall *diſputation* (which is but a painted, counterfeit, and diſſembled *diſcord*) can worke us this benefit, what ſhall not a full and maine *diſcord* accompliſh? Truely me thinkes I owe a *devotion*, yea a *ſacrifice* to *diſcord*, for caſting that *Ball* upon *Ida*, and

for

for all that buſineſſe of *Troy*, whom ruin'd I admire more then *Babylon*, *Rome*, or *Quinzay*, removed *Corners*, not onely fulfilled with her *fame*, but with *Cities* and *Thrones* planted by her *Fugitives*. Laſtly, between *Cowardice* and *deſpaire*, *Valour* is gendred; and ſo the *Diſcord* of *Extreames* begets all vertues, but of the *like things* there is no iſſue without a miracle:

Vxor peſſima, peſſimus maritus
Miror tam malè convenire.

Hee wonders that betweene two ſo *like*, there could be any *diſcord*, yet perchance for all this *diſcord* there was nere the leſſe *increaſe*.

That

4.

That good is more common then evill.

I have not been ſo pittifully tired with any *vanity*, as with ſilly *Old Mens* exclaiming againſt theſe times, and extolling their owne: Alas! they betray themſelves, for if the *times* be *changed*, their manners have changed them. But their ſenſes are to *pleaſures*, as *ſick Mens* taſtes are to *Liquors*; for indeed no *new thing* is done in the *world*, all things are what, and as they were, and *Good* is as ever it was, more plenteous, and muſt of neceſſity be *more common then evill*, becauſe it hath this for *nature* and *perfection* to bee *common*. It makes *Love* to all *Natures*, all, all affect it. So that in the *Worlds* early *Infancy*, there was a time when nothing was *evill*, but if this *World* ſhall ſuffer *dotage* in the extreameſt *crookedneſſe* thereof, there ſhall be no time when nothing ſhalbe *good*. It dares appeare

appeare and ſpread, and gliſter in the *World*, but *evill* buries it ſelfe in night and darkneſſe, and is chaſtiſed and ſuppreſſed when *good* is cheriſhed and rewarded. And as *Imbroderers*, *Lapidaries*, and other *Artiſans*, can by all things adorne their workes; for by adding better things, the better they ſhew in *Luſh* and in *Eminency*; ſo *good* doth not onely proſtrate her *amiableneſſe* to all, but refuſes no end, no not of her utter contrary *evill*, that ſhee may bee the more *common* to us. For *euill manners* are *parents* of *good Lawes*; and in every *evill* there is an *excellency*, which (in common ſpeech) we call *good*. For the faſhions of *habits*, for our moving in *geſtures*, for phraſes in our *ſpeech*, we ſay they were *good* as long as they were uſed, that is, as long as they were *common*; and wee eate, wee walke, onely when it is, or ſeemes *good* to doe ſo. All *faire*, all *profitable*, all *vertuous*, is *good*, and theſe three things I thinke embrace all things, but their utter *contraries*; of which alſo *faire* may be *rich* and *vertuous*; *poore* may bee *vertuous* and *faire*; *vitious* may be *faire* and *rich*; ſo that *good* hath this good meanes to be *common*, that ſome ſubjects ſhe can poſſeſſe intirely; and in ſubjects poyſoned with *evill*, ſhe can humbly ſtoop to accompany the *evill*. And of *indifferent* things many things

things are become perfectly good by being *common*, as *cuſtomes* by uſe are made binding *Lawes*. But I remember nothing that is therefore *ill*, becauſe it is *common*, but *Women*, of whom alſo; *They that are moſt common, are the beſt of that Occupation they profeſſe.*

That

5.

That all things kill themſelves.

To affect, yea to effect their owne *death* all *living* things are importuned, not by *Nature* only which perfects them, but by *Art* and *Education*, which perfects her. *Plants* quickened and inhabited by the moſt unworthy *ſoule*, which therefore neither *wilt* nor *worke*, affect an *end*, a *perfection*, a *death*; this they ſpend their *ſpirits* to attaine, this attained, they languiſh and wither. And by how much more they are by mans *Induſtry* warmed, cheriſhed, and pampered; ſo much the more early they climbe to this *perfection*, this *death*. And if amongſt *Men* not to *defend* be to *kill*, what a hainous *ſelfe-murther* is it, not to *defend it ſelfe*. This *defence* becauſe *Beaſts* neglect, they kill themſelves, becauſe they exceed us in *number*, *ſtrength*, and a *lawleſſe liberty*: yea, of *Horſes* and other beaſts, they

they that inherit *moſt courage* by being bred of *gallanteſt parents*, and by *Artificial nurſing* are bettered, will runne to their owne *deaths*, neither ſollicited by *ſpurres* which they need not, nor by *honour* which they apprehend not. If then the *valiant* kill himſelfe, who can excuſe the *coward?* Or how ſhall *Man* bee free from this, ſince the *firſt Man* taught us this, except we cannot kill our ſelves, becauſe he kill'd us all. Yet leſt ſomething ſhould repaire this *Common ruine*, we daily kill our *bodies* with *ſurfeits*, and our mindes with *anguiſhes*. Of our *powers*, *remembring* kils our *memory*; Of *Affections*, *Luſting* our *luſt*; Of *vertues*, *Giving* kils *liberality*. And if theſe kill themſelves, they do it in their beſt & ſupreme *perfection:* for after *perfection* immediately follows *exceſſe*, which changeth the natures and the names, and makes them not the ſame things. If then the beſt things kill themſelves ſooneſt, (for no *affection* endures, and all things labour to this *perfection*) all travell to their owne *death*, yea the frame of the whole *World*, if it were poſſible for *God* to be *idle*, yet becauſe it *began*, muſt *dye*. Then in this *idleneſſe* imagined in *God*, what could kill the *world* but it ſelfe, ſince *out of it, nothing is?*

That

6.

That it is poſsible to find ſome vertue in ſome Women.

I am not of that ſeard *Impudence* that I dare defend *Women*, or pronounce them good; yet we ſee *Phyſitians* allow ſome *vertue* in every *poyſon*. Alas! why ſhould we except *Women?* ſince certainely, they are good for *Phyſicke* at leaſt, ſo as ſome *wine* is good for a *feaver*. And though they be the *Occaſioners* of many ſinnes, they are alſo the *Puniſhers* and *Revengers* of the ſame ſinnes: For I have ſeldome ſeene one which conſumes his *ſubſtance* and *body* upon them, eſcape *diſeaſes*, or *beggery*; and this is their *Iuſtice*. And if *ſuum cuiq*; *dare*, bee the fulfilling of all *Civill Iuſtice*, they are *moſt juſt*; for they deny that which is theirs to no man.

Tanquam non liceat nulla puella negat.

And who may doubt of great wiſdome in them, that doth but obſerve with how much labour

labour and cunning our *Iuſticers* and other *diſpenſers* of the *Lawes* ſtudy to imbrace them: and how zealouſly our *Preachers* dehort men from them, onely by urging their *ſubtilties*, and *policies*, and *wiſedome*, which are in them? Or who can deny them a good meaſure of *Fortitude*, if hee conſider how *valiant men* they have overthrowne, and being themſelves overthrowne, how much and how patiently they *beare?* And though they bee moſt *intemperate*, I care not, for I undertooke to furniſh them with *ſome vertue*, not with *all*. *Neceſſity*, which makes even bad things good, prevailes alſo for them, for wee muſt ſay of them, as of ſome ſharpe pinching *Lawes*; If men were free from *infirmities*, they were needleſſe. Theſe or none muſt ſerve for *reaſons*, and it is my great happineſſe that *Examples* prove not *Rules*, for to confirme this *Opinion*, the World yeelds not *one Example*.

That

7.

That Old men are more fantaſtike then Young.

WHO reads this *Paradox* but thinks mee more *fantaſtike* now, than I was yeſterday, when I did not think thus: And if one day make this ſenſible change in men, what will the burthen of many yeeres? To bee *fantaſtike* in *young men* is *conceiptfull diſtemperature*, and a *witty madneſſe*; but in *old men*, whoſe ſenſes are withered, it becomes *naturall*, therefore more full and perfect. For as when wee *ſleepe* our *fancy* is moſt ſtrong; ſo it is in *age*, which is a *ſlumber* of the *deepe ſleepe of death*. They taxe us of *Inconſtancy*, which in themſelves *young* they allowed; ſo that reprooving that which they did approove, their *Inconſtancy* exceedeth ours, becauſe they have changed *once more* then wee. Yea, they are more idlely buſied in *conceited apparell* then wee; for we, when

we

we are *melancholy*, weare *blacke*; when *luſty*, *greene*; when *forſaken*, *tawney*; pleaſing our owne *inward* affections, leaving them to others indifferent; but they preſcribe *lawes*, and conſtraine the *Noble*, the *Scholer*, the *Merchant*, and all *Eſtates* to a certaine *habit*. The *old men* of our time have changed with patience their owne *bodies*, much of their *lawes*, much of their *languages*; yea their *Religion*, yet they accuſe us. To be *Amorous* is proper and *naturall* in a *young man*, but in an *old man* most *fantaſtike*. And that *ridling humour* of *Iealouſie*, which ſeekes and would not finde, which requires and repents his knowledge, is in them moſt common, yet moſt *fantaſtike*. Yea, that which falls never in *young men*, is in them moſt *fantaſtike* and *naturall*, that is, *Covetouſneſſe*; even at their *journeyes end* to make great proviſion. Is any *habit* of *young men* ſo *fantaſtike*, as in the hotteſt ſeaſons to be *double-gowned* or *hooded* like our *Elders?* Or ſeemes it ſo *ridiculous* to weare long haire, as to weare *none*. Truely, as among the *Philoſophers*, the *Skeptike*, which *doubts all*, was more contentious, then either the *Dogmatike* which *affirmes*, or *Academike* which *denyes all*; ſo are theſe uncertaine *Elders*, which both cals them *fantaſtike* which follow others *inventions*, and them alſo which are led by their owne humorous ſuggeſtion, more *fantaſtike* then other. *That*

8.

That Nature is our worſt Guide.

Shal ſhe be *guide* to all *Creatures*, which is her ſelfe one? Or if ſhe alſo have a *guide*, ſhall any *Creature* have a better guide then wee? The affections of *luſt* and *anger*, yea even to *erre* is *naturall*; ſhall we follow theſe? Can ſhee be a good *guide* to us, which hath corrupted not us onely but her ſelfe? Was not the *firſt man*, by the deſire of *knowledge*, corrupted even in the *whiteſt integrity* of *Nature?* And did not *Nature* (if *Nature* did any thing) infuſe into him this deſire of *knowledge*, and ſo this *corruption* in him, into us? If by *Nature* wee ſhall underſtand our *eſſence*, our *definition*, or *reaſon*, *nobleneſſe*, then this being alike common to all (the *Idiot* and the *Wizard* being equally *reaſonable*) why ſhould not all men having equally all one *nature*, follow one courſe? Or if we

ſhall

ſhall underſtand our *inclinations*; alas! how unable a guide is that which followes the *temperature* of our ſlimie *bodies?* for we cannot ſay that we derive our *inclinations*, our *mindes*, or *ſoules* from our *Parents* by any way: to ſay that it is *all from all*, is *error* in *reaſon*, for then with the firſt nothing remaines; or is a *part from all*, is *errour* in *experience*, for then this *part* equally imparted to many children, would like *Gavel-kind lands*, in few generations become nothing; or to ſay it by *communication*, is *errour* in *Divinity*, for to communicate the *ability* of communicating *whole eſsence* with any but God, is utter *blaſphemy*. And if thou hit thy *Fathers nature* and *inclination*, he alſo had his *Fathers*, and ſo climbing up, all comes of one man, and have one *nature*, all ſhall imbrace one courſe; but that cannot bee, therefore our *complexions* and whole *bodies*, wee inherit from *Parents*; our *inclinations* and minds follow that: For our minde is heavy in our *bodies afflictions*, and rejoyceth in our *bodies pleaſure:* how then ſhall this *nature* governe us, that is governed by the worſt part of us? *Nature though oft chaſed away, it will returne*; 'tis true, but thoſe *good motions* and *inſpirations* which be our guides muſt bee *wooed*, *courted*, and *welcomed*, or elſe they abandon

abandon us. And that old *Axiome*, *nihil invita*, *&c.* muſt not be ſaid thou *ſhalt*, but thou *wilt* doe nothing againſt *Nature*; ſo *unwilling* he notes us to curbe our *naturall appetites*. Wee call our *baſtards* alwayes our *naturall iſſue*, and we define a *Foole* by nothing ſo ordinary, as by the name of *naturall*. And that poore knowledge whereby we conceive what *raine* is, what *wind*, what *thunder*, wee call *Metaphyſicke*, *ſupernaturall*; ſuch *ſmall* things, ſuch *no* things doe we allow to our pliant *Natures* apprehenſion. Laſtly, by following her, we loſe the pleaſant, and lawfull commodities of this life, for wee ſhall drinke water and eate rootes, and thoſe not ſweet and delicate, as now by Mans *art* and *induſtry* they are made: we ſhall loſe all the neceſſities of *ſocieties*, *lawes*, *arts*, and *ſciences*, which are all the workemanſhip of *Man:* yea we ſhall lack the laſt *beſt refuge* of miſery, *death*; becauſe *no death is naturall:* for if yee will not dare to call all *death violent* (though I ſee not why *ſickneſſes* be not *violences*) yet *cauſes* of all *deaths* proceed of the *defect* of that which *nature* made perfect, and would preſerve, and therefore all againſt *nature*.

9.

That only Cowards dare dye.

Extreames are equally removed from the *meane*; ſo that headlong *deſperateneſſe* aſmuch offends true *valour*, as backward *Cowardice:* of which ſort I reckon juſtly all *un-inforced deaths.* When will your *valiant* man dye of neceſſity? ſo *Cowards* ſuffer what cannot be avoided: and to runne into *death unimportun'd*, is to runne into the firſt condemned deſperateneſſe. Will he dye when he is *rich* and *happy?* then by living he may doe more good: and in *afflictions* and *miſeries*, *death* is the choſen refuge of *Cowards.*

Fortiter ille facit, qui miſer eße poteſt.

But it is taught and practiſed among our *Galants*, that rather than our reputations ſuffer any *maime*, or we any *miſery*, wee ſhall offer our *breſts* to the *Cannons* mouth, yea to our *ſwords* points: And this ſeemes a very *brave* and a very *climbing* (which is a *Cowardly*, earthly, and indeed a very *groveling*) *ſpirit.*

Why

Why doe they *chaine* theſe ſlaves to the *Gallyes*, but that they thruſt their *deaths*, and would at every looſe leape into the *ſea?* Why doe they take weapons from *condemned* men, but to barre them of that eaſe which *Cowards* affect, *a ſpeedy death.* Truely this *life* is a *tempeſt*, and a *warfare*, and he which *dares dye*, to eſcape the *anguiſh* of it, ſeems to mee, but ſo *valiant*, as hee which dares *hang* himſelfe, leſt hee be *preſt* to the *warres.* I have ſeene one in that extremity of *melancholy*, which was then become *madneſſe*, to make his owne *breath* an *Inſtrument* to ſtay his breath, and labour to choake himſelfe, but alas! he was *mad.* And we knew another that languiſhed under the *oppreſſion* of a poore *diſgrace* ſo much, that hee tooke more *paines to dye*, then would have ſerved to have nouriſhed *life* and *ſpirit* enough to have outlived his *diſgrace.* What *Foole* will call this *Cowardlineſſe*, *Valour?* or this *Baſeneſſe*, *Humility?* And laſtly, of theſe men which dye the *Allegoricall death* of entring into *Religion*, how few are found fit for any ſhew of *valiancy?* but onely a *ſoft* and *ſupple metall*, made onely for *Cowardly* ſolitarineſſe.

That

10.

That a Wiſe Man is knowne by much laughing.

ide, ſi ſapis, ô puella ride; If thou beeſt *wiſe*, *laugh:* for ſince the *powers* of *diſcourſe, reaſon,* and *laughter*, bee equally *proper* unto Man onely, why ſhall not hee be onely moſt *wiſe*, which hath moſt uſe of *laughing*, aſwell as he which hath moſt of *reaſoning* and *diſcourſing?* I alwaies did, and ſhall underſtand that *Adage*;

Per riſum multum poſſis cognoſcere ſtultum,

That by much *laughing* thou maiſt know there is a *foole*, not, that the *laughers* are *fooles*, but that among them there is ſome *foole*, at whome *wiſemen* laugh: which moved *Eraſmus* to put this as his firſt *Argument* in the mouth of his *Folly*, that *ſhee made Beholders laugh:* for *fooles* are the moſt laughed at, and laugh the leaſt themſelves of any. And *Nature* ſaw this *faculty* to bee ſo neceſſary in man, that

that ſhee hath beene content that by *more cauſes* we ſhould be importuned to *laugh*, then to the *exerciſe* of any other *power*; for things in themſelves utterly *contrary*, beget this effect; for wee laugh both at *witty* and *abſurd* things: At both which ſorts I have ſeen Men *laugh ſo long*, and *ſo earneſtly*, that at laſt they have *wept* that they could laugh no more. And therfore the *Poet* having deſcribed the quietneſſe of a *wiſe retired man*, ſaith in one, what we have ſaid before in many lines; *Quid facit Canius tuus? ridet.* We have received that even the *extremity* of *laughing*, yea of *weeping* alſo, hath beene accounted *wiſedome:* And that *Democritus* and *Heraclitus*, the *lovers* of theſe *Extremes*, have been called *lovers of wiſedome.* Now among our *wiſemen* I doubt not, but many would be found who would laugh at *Heraclitus* weeping, none which weepe at *Democritus* laughing. At the hearing of *Comedies* or other witty reports, I have noted ſome, which not underſtanding *jeſts*, &c. have yet choſen this as the beſt meanes to ſeeme *wiſe* and *underſtanding*, to laugh when their *Companions laugh*; and I have preſumed them *ignorant*, whom I have ſeene *unmoved.* A *foole* if he come into a *Princes Court*, and ſee a *gay* man leaning at the wall, ſo *gliſtering*, and ſo *painted*

in

in many *colours* that he is hardly diſcerned from one of the *pictures* in the *Arras*, hanging his *body* like an *Iron-bound-cheſt*, girt in and thicke ribb'd with *broad gold laces*, may (and commonly doth) envy him. But alas! ſhall a *wiſeman*, which may not onely not *envy*, but not *pitty* this *monſter*, do nothing? Yes, let him *laugh*. And if one of theſe *hot cholerike firebrands*, which nouriſh themſelves by *quarrelling*, and kindling others, ſpit upon a *foole* one *ſparke* of *diſgrace*, he, like a *thatcht houſe* quickly burning, may bee *angry*; but the *wiſeman*, as *cold* as the *Salamander*, may not onely not be *angry* with him, but not be *ſorry* for him; therefore let him *laugh:* ſo he ſhall be knowne a Man, becauſe he can *laugh*, a *wiſe Man* that hee knowes at *what* to laugh, and a *valiant Man* that he *dares* laugh: for he that *laughs* is juſtly reputed more *wiſe*, then at whom it is *laughed*. And hence I thinke proceeds that which in theſe later *formall* times I have much noted; that now when our *ſuperſtitious civility* of *manners* is become a mutuall *tickling flattery* of one another, almoſt every man affecteth an *humour* of *jeſting*, and is content to be *deject*, and to *deforme* himſelfe, yea become *foole* to no other *end* that I can ſpie, but to give his *wiſe Companion* occaſion to *laugh:* and to ſhew themſelves

themſelves in *promptneße* of *laughing* is ſo great in *wiſemen*, that I thinke all *wiſemen*, if any *wiſeman* do reade this *Paradox*, will *laugh* both at it and me.

That

II.

That the gifts of the Body are better then thoſe of the Minde.

I ſay againe, that the *body* makes the *minde*, not that it created it a *minde*, but *formes* it a *good* or a *bad mind*; and this *minde* may be confounded with *ſoule* without any violence or injuſtice to *Reaſon* or *Philoſophy*: then the *ſoule* it ſeemes is enabled by our *body*, not this by it. My *Body* licenſeth my *ſoule* to *ſee* the Worlds *beauties* through mine *eyes*; to *heare* pleaſant things through mine *eares*; and affords it apt *Organs* for the conveiance of all perceivable *delight*. But alas! my *ſoule* cannot make any *part*, that is not of it ſelfe diſpoſed, to *ſee* or *heare*, though without doubt ſhe be as able and as willing to ſee *behind* as *before*. Now if my *ſoule* would ſay, that ſhee enables any part to taſte theſe pleaſures, but is her ſelfe onely delighted with thoſe rich *ſweetneſſes* which her *inward eyes* and

and *ſenſes* apprehend, ſhee ſhould diſſemble; for I ſee her often ſolaced with *beauties*, which ſhee ſees through mine *eyes*, and with *muſicke* which through mine *eares* ſhe heares. This *perfection* then my *body* hath, that it can impart to my *minde* all his *pleaſures*; and my *minde* hath ſtill many, that ſhe can neither teach my *indiſpoſed* part her *faculties*, nor to the beſt *eſpouſed* parts ſhew it *beauty* of *Angels*, of *Muſicke*, of *Spheres*, whereof ſhe boaſts the *contemplation*. Are *chaſtity*, *temperance*, and *fortitude* gifts of the *mind?* I appeale to *Phyſitians* whether the *cauſe* of theſe be not in the *body*; *health* is the gift of the *body*, and *patience* in ſickeneſſe the gift of the *minde:* then who will ſay that *patience* is as good a happineſſe, as *health*, when wee muſt be extremely *miſerable* to purchaſe this *happineſſe*. And for nouriſhing of *civill ſocieties* and *mutuall love* amongſt men, which is our *chiefe end* while wee are men; I ſay, this *beauty*, *preſence*, and *proportion* of the *body*, hath a more *maſculine* force in begetting this *love*, then the *vertues* of the *minde:* for it ſtrikes us *ſuddenly*, and poſſeſſeth us *immoderately*; when to know thoſe *vertues* requires ſome *Iudgement* in him which ſhall diſcerne, a *long time* and *converſation* betweene them. And even at *laſt* how much of our *faith*

and

and *beleefe* ſhall we be driven to beſtow, to aſſure our ſelves that theſe *vertues* are not *counterfeited:* for it is the ſame to *be*, and *ſeeme vertuous*, becauſe that he that hath *no vertue*, can *diſſemble* none, but he which hath a *little*, may *gild* and *enamell*, yea and transforme much *vice* into *vertue:* For allow a man to be *diſcreet* and *flexible* to *complaints*, which are great *vertuous* gifts of the *minde*, this *diſcretion* will be to him the *ſoule* & *Elixir* of all *vertues*, ſo that touched with this, even *pride* ſhal be made *humility*; and *Cowardice*, honourable and wiſe *valour*. But in things *ſeene* there is not this danger, for the *body* which thou loveſt and eſteemeſt *faire*, is *faire*; certainely if it bee not *faire* in *perfection*, yet it is *faire* in the ſame *degree* that thy *Iudgement* is good. And in a *faire body*, I doe ſeldome ſuſpect a *diſproportioned minde*, and as ſeldome hope for a *good* in a *deformed*. When I ſee a *goodly houſe*, I aſſure my ſelfe of a *worthy poſſeſſour*, from a *ruinous weather-beaten building* I turn away, becauſe it ſeems either ſtuffed with *varlets* as a *Priſon*, or handled by an *unworthy* and *negligent tenant*, that ſo ſuffers the *waſte* thereof. And truely the gifts of *Fortune*, which are *riches*, are onely *handmaids*, yea *Pandars* of the *bodies pleaſure*; with their ſervice we nouriſh

health,

health, and preſerve *dainty*, and wee buy *delights*; ſo that *vertue* which muſt be loved for *it ſelfe*, and reſpects no further *end*, is indeed *nothing:* And *riches*, whoſe *end* is the *good* of the *body*, cannot be ſo *perfectly good*, as the *end* whereto it levels.

12.

That Virginity is a Vertue.

I call not that *Virginity a vertue*, which reſideth only in the *Bodies integrity*; much leſſe if it be with a purpoſe of perpetuall keeping it: for then it is a moſt inhumane vice—But I call that *Virginity a vertue* which is willing and deſirous to yeeld itſelfe upon honeſt and lawfull termes, when juſt reaſon requireth; and untill then, is kept with a modeſt chaſtity of Body and Mind. Some perchance will say that *Virginity* is in us by *Nature*, and therefore no *vertue*. True, as it is in us by *Nature*, it is neither a *Vertue* nor *Vice*, and is onely in the body: (as in Infants, Children, and such as are incapable of parting from it). But that *Virginity* which is in Man or Woman of perfect age, is not in them by *Nature: Nature* is the greateſt enemy to it, and with moſt ſubtile allurements ſeeks the over-throw of it, continually beating againſt it with her *Engines*, and giving

ing ſuch forcible aſſaults to it, that it is a ſtrong and more then ordinary *vertue* to hold out till marriage. *Ethick* Philoſophy ſaith, *That no Vertue is corrupted, or is taken away by that which is good:* Hereupon ſome may ſay, that *Virginity* is therefore no vertue, being taken away by marriage. *Virginity* is no otherwiſe taken away by marriage, then is the light of the ſtarres by a greater light (the light of the Sun:) or as a leſſe Title is taken away by a greater: (an Eſquire by being created an Earle) yet *Virginity* is a *vertue*, and hath her Throne in the middle: The extreams are, in *Exceſſe*; to violate it before marriage; in defect, not to marry. In ripe years as ſoon as reaſon perſwades, and opportunity admits, Theſe extreams are equally removed from the mean: The exceſſe proceeds from *Luſt*, the defect from *Peeviſhneſſe*, *Pride* and *Stupidity*. There is an old Proverb, That, *they that dy maids, muſt lead Apes in Hell.* An Ape is a ridiculous and unprofitable Beaſt, whoſe fleſh is not good for meat, nor its back for burden, nor is it commodious to keep an houſe: and perchance for the unprofitableneſſe of this Beaſt did this proverb come up: For surely nothing is more unprofitable in the Commonwealth of *Nature*, then they

that

that dy old maids, becauſe they refuſe to be uſed to that end for which they were only made. The Ape bringeth forth her young, for the moſt part by twins; that which ſhe loves beſt, ſhe killeth by preſſing it too hard: so fooliſh maids ſoothing themſelves with a falſe conceit of *vertue*, in fond obſtinacie, live and die maids; and ſo not only kill in themſelves the *vertue* of *Virginity*, and of a Vertue make it a Vice, but they also accuſe their parents in condemning marriage. If this application hold not touch, yet there may be an excellent one gathered from an Apes tender love to Conies in keeping them from the Weaſel and Ferret. From this ſimilitude of an Ape & an old Maid did the aforeſaid proverb firſt ariſe. But alas, there are ſome old Maids that are *Virgins* much againſt their wills, and fain would change their *Virgin-life* for a *Married:* ſuch if they never have had any offer of fit Huſbands, are in ſome ſort excuſable, and their willingneſſe, their deſire to marry, and their forbearance from all diſhoneſt, and unlawful copulation, may be a kind of inclination to *vertue*, although not *Vertue* it ſelfe. This *Virtue* of *Virginity* (though it be ſmall and fruitleſſe) it is an extraordinary, and no common *Vertue*. All other

other *Vertues* lodge in the *Will* (it is the *Will* that makes them *vertues.*) But it is the unwillingneſſe to keep it, the deſire to forſake it, that makes this a *vertue.* As in the naturall generation and formation made of the ſeed in the womb of a woman, the body is joynted and organized about the 28 day, and so it begins to be no more an *Embrion*, but capable as a matter prepared to its form to receive the ſoule, which faileth not to inſinuate and inneſt it ſelfe into the body about the fortieth day; about the third month it hath motion and ſenſe: Even ſo *Virginity* is an *Embrion*, an unfaſhioned lump, till it attain to a certain time, which is about twelve years of age in women, fourteen in men, and then it beginneth to have the ſoule of *Love* infuſed into it, and to become a *vertue:* There is alſo a certain limited time when it ceaſeth to be a *vertue*, which in men is about fourty, in women about thirty years of age: yea, the loſſe of ſo much time makes their *Virginity* a *Vice*, were not their endeavour wholly bent, and their deſires altogether fixt upon marriage: In Harveſt time do we not account it a great vice of ſloath and negligence in a Huſband-man, to overſlip a week or ten dayes after his fruits are fully ripe; May we not

not much more account it a more heynous vice, for a *Virgin* to let her Fruit (*in potentia*) conſume and rot to nothing, and to let the *vertue* of her *Virginity* degenerate into *Vice*, (for *Virginity* ever kept is ever loſt.) Avarice is the greateſt deadly ſin next Pride: it takes more pleaſure in hoording Treaſure then in making uſe of it, and will neither let the poſſeſſor nor others take benefit by it during the Miſers life; yet it remains intire, and when the Miſer dies muſt come to ſom body. *Virginity* ever kept, is a vice far worſe then Avarice, it will neither let the poſſeſſor nor others take benefit by it, nor can it be bequeathed to any: with long keeping it decayes and withers, and becomes corrupt and nothing worth. Thus ſeeing that *Virginity* becomes a vice in defect, by exceeding a limited time; I counſell all female *Virgins* to make choyce of ſome *Paracelſian* for their Phyſitian, to prevent the death of that *Vertue:* The *Paracelſians* (curing like by like) ſay, That if the lives of living Creatures could be taken down, they would make us immortall. By this rule, female *Virgins* by a diſcreet marriage ſhould ſwallow down into their *Virginity* another *Virginity*, and devour ſuch a life & ſpirit into their womb, that it might make them as it were,

immortall

immortall here on earth, beſides their perfect immortality in heaven: And that *Vertue* which otherwiſe would putrifie and corrupt, ſhall then be compleat; and ſhall be recorded in Heaven, and enrolled here on Earth; and the name of *Virgin* ſhall be exchanged for a far more honorable name, *A Wife.*

Why

PROBLEMES

I.

Why have Baſtards beſt Fortune?

BEcauſe *Fortune* herſelfe is a *Whore*, but ſuch are not moſt indulgent to their *iſſue*; the old naturall reaſon (but thoſe meetings in *ſtolne love* are moſt *vehement*, and ſo contribute more *ſpirit* then the *eaſie* and *lawfull*) might governe me, but that now I ſee *Miſtreſſes* are become *domeſtike* and *in ordinary*, and they and wives *waite* but by *turnes*, and *agree* aſwell as they had *lived* in the *Arke*. The old Morall reaſon (that *Baſtards* inherit *wickedneſſe* from their *Parents*, and ſo are in a better way to *preferment* by having a *ſtocke* before-hand, then thoſe that build all their *fortune* upon the *poore* and *weake* ſtocke of *Originall ſinne*) might prevaile with me, but that ſince wee are fallen into ſuch times,

as

as now the *world* might *ſpare* the *Divell*, because *ſhe* could be bad enough without *him*. I ſee men *ſcorne* to be *wicked* by *example*, or to bee *beholding* to others for their *damnation*. It ſeems reaſonable, that ſince *Lawes* rob them of *ſucceſſion* in *civill benefits*, they ſhould have ſomething elſe *equivalent*. As *Nature* (which is *Lawes patterne*) having denyed Women *Conſtancy* to *one*, hath provided them with *cunning* to allure *many*; and ſo *Baſtards de jure* ſhould have better *wits* and *experience*. But beſides that by *experience* wee ſee many *fooles* amongſt them, wee ſhould take from them one of their chiefeſt helpes to *preferment*, and we ſhould deny them to be *fools*; and (that which is onely left) that *Women* chuſe *worthier* men then their *husbands*, is falſe *de facto*; either then it muſt bee that the *Church* having removed them from all place in the *publike Service* of *God*, they have better meanes then others to be *wicked*, and ſo *fortunate*: Or elſe becauſe the two *greateſt powers* in this *world*, the *Divell* and *Princes* concurre to their *greatneſſe*; the one giving *baſtardy*, the other *legitimation*: As *nature* frames and conſerves great *bodies* of *contraries*. Or the cauſe is, becauſe they abound moſt at *Court*, which is the *forge* where *fortunes* are made, or at leaſt the *ſhop* where they be *ſold*.

Why

2.

Why Puritanes make long Sermons?

IT needs not *perſpicuouſneße*, for God knowes they are plain enough: nor doe all of them uſe *Sem-briefe-Accents* for ſome of them have *crotchets* enough. It may bee they intend not to riſe like *glorious Tapers* and *Torches*, but like *Thinne-wretched-ſicke-watching-Candles*, which *languiſh* and are in a Divine *Conſumption* from the firſt minute, yea in their *ſnuffe*, and *ſtink* when others are in their more profitable *glory*. I have thought ſometimes, that out of *conſcience*, they allow *long meaſure* to *courſe ware*. And ſometimes, that *uſurping* in that place a *liberty* to *ſpeak freely* of *Kings*, they would *raigne* as long as they could. But now I thinke they doe it out of a *zealous* imagination, that, *It is their duty to preach on till their Auditory wake.*

Why

3.

Why did the Divel reſerve Jeſuites till theſe latter dayes.

DID he know that our *Age* would deny the *Devils poſſeſſing*, and therfore provided by theſe to *poſſeße* men and kingdomes? Or to end the *diſputation* of *Schoolemen*, why the *Divell* could not make *lice* in *Egypt*; and whether thoſe things hee *preſented* there, might be *true*, hath he ſent us a *true* and *reall plague*, worſe than thoſe *ten?* Or in *oſtentation* of the *greatneße* of his *Kingdome*, which even *diviſion* cannot *ſhake*, doth he ſend us theſe which *diſagree* with all the reſt? Or knowing that our *times* ſhould diſcover the *Indies*, and aboliſh their *Idolatry*, doth he ſend theſe to give them *another* for it? Or peradventure they have beene in the *Roman Church* theſe *thouſand yeeres*, though we have called them by *other names.*

Why

4.

Why is there more variety of Green then of other Colours?

IT is becauſe it is the figure of *Youth* wherin *nature* wuld provide as many *green*, as *youth* hath *affections*; and ſo preſent a *Sea-green* for *profuſe waſters* in *voyages*; a *Graße-green* for ſudden *new men enobled* from *Graſiers*; and a *Gooſe-greene* for ſuch *Politicians* as pretend to preſerve the *Capitol.* Or elſe *Prophetically* foreſeeing an *age*, wherein they ſhall all *hunt*. And for ſuch as *miſdemeane* themſelves a *Willow-greene*; For *Magiſtrates* muſt aſwell have *Faſces* born before them to *chaſtize* the *ſmall* offences, as *Secures* to *cut off* the *great.*

Why

5.

Why doe young Lay-men ſo much ſtudy Divinity.

sit becauſe others tending buſily *Churches preferment* neglect *ſtudy?* Or had the *Church* of *Rome* ſhut up all our wayes, till the *Lutherans* broke downe their *uttermoſt ſtubborne doores*, and the *Calviniſts* picked their *inwardeſt* and *ſubtleſt lockes?* Surely the *Devill* cannot be ſuch a *Foole* to hope that he ſhall make this ſtudy *contemptible*, by making it *common.* Nor that as the *Dwellers* by the River *Origus* are ſaid (by drawing infinite *ditches* to ſprinkle their *barren Country*) to have exhauſted and intercepted their *maine channell*, and ſo loſt their more profitable courſe to the *ſea*; ſo we, by providing every *ones ſelfe*, *divinity* enough for his *own uſe*, ſhould neglect our *Teachers* and *Fathers.* Hee cannot hope for better *hereſies* then hee hath had, nor was his *Kingdome* ever ſo much advanced

advanced by *debating Religion* (though with ſome *aſperſions* of *Error*) as by a *dull* and *ſtupid ſecurity*, in which many *groſe things* are ſwallowed. Poſſible out of ſuch an *ambition* as we have now, to ſpeake *plainely* and *fellow-like* with *Lords* and *Kings*, wee thinke alſo to acquaint our ſelves with *Gods ſecrets:* Or perchance when we ſtudy it by *mingling humane* reſpects, *It is not Divinity.*

Why

6.

Why hath the common Opinion afforded Women Soules?

IT is agreed that wee have not ſo much from them as any *part* of either our *mortall ſoules* of *ſenſe*, or *growth*, and we deny *ſoules* to others equal to them in all but in *ſpeech* for which they are beholding to their *bodily inſtruments:* For perchance an *Oxes* heart, or a *Goates*, or a *Foxes*, or a *Serpents* would ſpeake juſt ſo, if it were in the *breaſt*, and could move that *tongue* and *jawes*. Have they ſo many *advantages* and *meanes* to hurt us (for, ever their *loving* deſtroyed us) that we dare not *diſpleaſe* them, but give them what they will? And ſo when ſome call them *Angels*, ſome *Goddeſſes*, and the *Palpulian Heretikes* made them *Biſhops*, wee deſcend ſo much with the ſtreame, to allow them *ſoules?* Or doe we ſomewhat (in this dignifying of them) flatter *Princes* and *great Perſonages* that are ſo much

much governed by them? Or do we in that *eaſineſſe* and *prodigality*, wherein we daily loſe our owne *ſoules* to we care not whom, ſo labour to perſwade our ſelves, that ſith a *woman* hath a *ſoule*, a *ſoule* is no great matter? Or doe wee lend them *ſoules* but for *uſe*, ſince they for our ſakes, give their *ſoules* againe, and their *bodies* to boote? Or perchance becauſe the *Deuill* (who is all *ſoule*) doth moſt *miſchiefe*, and for *convenience* and *proportion*, becauſe they would come neerer him, wee allow them ſome ſoules; and ſo as the *Romanes* naturalized ſome *Provinces* in revenge, and made them *Romans*, onely for the *burthen* of the *Common-wealth*; ſo we have given *women* ſoules onely to make them capable of *damnation?*

Why

7.

Why are the Faireſt, Falſeſt?

I meane not of falſe *Alchimy Beauty*, for then the *queſtion* ſhould be inverted, *Why are the Falſeſt, Faireſt?* It is not onely becauſe they are *much ſolicited* and *ſought* for, ſo is *gold*, yet it is not ſo *common*; and this *ſuite* to them, ſhould teach them their *value*, and make them more *reſerved*. Nor is it becauſe the *delicateſt blood* hath the *beſt ſpirits*, for what is that to the fleſh? perchance ſuch *conſtitutions* have the *beſt wits*, and there is no *proportionable ſubject*, for *Womens wit*, but deceipt? doth the *minde* ſo follow the *temperature* of the *body*, that becauſe thoſe *complexions* are apteſt to change, the *mind* is therefore ſo? Or as *Bells* of the *pureſt metall* retaine their *tinkling* and *ſound* largeſt; ſo the *memory* of the laſt *pleaſure* laſts longer in theſe, and diſpoſeth them to the next. But ſure it is not in the *complexion*, for thoſe that doe but thinke themſelves *faire*, are preſently inclined

inclined to this *multiplicity* of *loves*, which being but *faire in conceipt* are *falſe in deed:* and ſo perchance when they are *borne* to this *beauty*, or have *made* it, or have dream'd it, they eaſily believe all *addreſſes* and *applications* of every *man*, out of a *ſenſe* of their own *worthineſs* to be directed to them, which others *leſs worthy* in their own thoughts apprehend not, or diſcredit. But I think the *true reaſon* is, that being like *gold* in many properties (as that *all ſnatch* at them, but the *worſt poſſeſs* them, that they care not how deep we dig for them, and that by the Law of nature, *Occupandi conceditur*) they would be like alſo in this, that as Gold to make it ſelf of uſe admits allay, ſo they, that they may be tractable, mutable, and currant, have to allay *Falſhood.*

Why

8.

Why Venus-ſtar only doth caſt a ſhadow?

Is it becauſe it is nearer the earth? But they whoſe profeſſion it is to ſee that nothing be done in heaven without their conſent (as *Re* — ſays in himſelf of *Aſtrologers*) have bid *Mercury* to be nearer. Is it becauſe the works of *Venus* want ſhadowing, covering and dignifying? But thoſe of *Mercury* need it more; For Eloquence, his occupation, is all ſhadow and colours; let our life be a ſea, and then our reaſons and even paſſions are wide enough to carry us whether we ſhould go, but Eloquence is a ſtorm and tempeſt that miſcarries: and who doubts that Eloquence which muſt perſwade people to take a yoke of ſoveraignty (and then beg and make Laws to tye them faſter, and then give money to the invention, repair and ſtrengthen it) needs

more

more ſhadows and coloring, then to perſwade any man or woman to that which is natural. And *Venus* markets are ſo natural, that when we ſolicite the beſt way (which is by *marriage*) our perſwaſions work not ſo much to draw a woman to us, as againſt her nature to draw her from all other beſides. And ſo when we go againſt nature, and from *Venus-work* (for marriage is chaſtitie) we need ſhadowes and colours, but not elſe. In *Seneca's* time, it was a courſe, an un-*Roman* and a contemptible thing even in a *Matron*, not to have had a *Love* beſide her huſband, which though the Law required not at their hands, yet they did it *zealouſly* out of the Council of Cuſtom and faſhion, which was *venery* of *ſupererrogation:*

Et te ſpectator pluſquam delectat Adulter,

ſaith *Martial:* And *Horace*, becauſe many lights would not ſhew him enough, created many *Images* of the ſame Object by wainſcoting his chamber with looking-glaſſes: ſo that *Venus* flies not light, as much as *Mercury*, who creeping into our underſtanding, our darkneſs would be defeated, if he were perceived. Then either this *ſhadow* confeſſeth that ſame dark Melancholy Repentance which accompanies; or that ſo violent fires, needs ſome ſhadowy refreſhing and intermiſſion

miſſion: Or elſe light ſignifying both day and youth, and ſhadow both night and age, ſhe pronounceth by this that ſhe profeſſeth both all perſons and times.

Why

9.

Why is Venus-ſtar multinominous, called both Heſperus *and* Veſper.

he Moon hath as many names, but not as ſhe is a ſtar, but as ſhe hath divers governments; but *Venus* is *multinominous* to give example to her *proſtitute diſciples*, who ſo often, either to renew or refreſh themſelves towards lovers, or to diſguiſe themſelves from *Magiſtrates*, are to take new names. It may be ſhe takes new names after her many functions, for as ſhe is ſupream Monarch of all Suns at large (which is *luſt*) ſo is ſhe joyned in Commiſſion with all *Mythologicks*, with *Juno*, *Diana*, and all others for marriage. It may be becauſe of the divers names to her ſelf, for her affections have more names than any vice: *ſcilicet*, *Pollution*, *Fornication*, *Adultery*, *Lay-Inceſt*, *Church-Inceſt*, *Rape*, *Sodomy*, *Maſtupration*, *Maſturbation*, and a thouſand others. Perchance

chance her divers names ſhewed her appliableneſs to divers men, for *Neptune* diſtilled and wet her in love, the Sun warms and melts her, *Mercury* perſwaded and ſwore her, *Jupiters* authority ſecured, and *Vulcan* hammer'd her. As *Heſperus* ſhe preſents you with her *bonum utile*, becauſe it is wholeſomeſt in the morning: As *Veſper* with her *bonum delectabile*, becauſe it is pleaſanteſt in the evening. And becauſe induſtrious men riſe and endure with the Sun in their civil buſineſſes, this Star caſts them up a little before, and remembers them again a little after for her buſineſs; for certainly,

Venit Heſperus, ite capellae:

was ſpoken to Lovers in the perſons of *Goats.*

Why

10.

Why are New Officers leaſt oppreſsing?

Muſt the old Proverbe, that *Old dogs bite ſoreſt*, be true in all kinde of *dogs?* Me thinkes the freſh *memory* they have of the *mony* they parted with for the *place*, ſhould haſten them for the *re-imburſing:* And perchance they doe but ſeeme eaſier to their *ſuiters*; who (as all other *Patients*) doe account all change of paine, eaſie. But if it bee ſo, it is either becauſe the ſodain *ſenſe* & *contentment* of the *honor* of the *place*, retards and remits the rage of their *profits*, and ſo having ſtayed their *ſtomackes*, they can forbeare the ſecond *courſe* a while: Or having overcome the *ſteepeſt* part of the *hill*, and clambered above *Competitions* and *Oppoſitions* they dare loyter, and take breath: Perchance being come from *places*, where they taſted *no gaine*, a *little* ſeems *much* to them at firſt, for it is *long before*

a

a Christian conſcience overtakes, or ſtraies into an Officers heart. It may be that out of the *generall diſeaſe* of all men not to love the *memory* of a *predeceſſor*, they ſeeke to diſgrace them by ſuch *eaſineſſe*, and make good *firſt impreſſions*, that ſo having drawen much *water* to their *Mill*, they may afterward *grind* at eaſe: For if from the rules of good *Horſe-manſhip*, they thought it wholeſome to *jet* out in a moderate *pace*, they ſhould alſo take up towards their *journeys* end, not mend their pace continually, and *gallop* to their *Innes-doore*, the *grave*; except perchance their *conſcience* at that time ſo touch them, that they thinke it an *injury* and *damage* both to him that muſt *ſell*, and to him that muſt *buy* the *Office* after their *death*, and a kind of *dilapidation* if they by continuing *honeſt* ſhould diſcredit the *place*, and bring it to a *lower-rent*, or *under-value*.

II.

Why does the Poxe ſo much affect to undermine the Noſe?

Paracelſus perchance ſaith true, That every Diſeaſe hath his exaltation in ſome part certaine. But why this in the Noſe? Is there ſo much mercy in this diſeaſe, that it provides that one ſhould not ſmell his own ſtinck? Or hath it but the common fortune, that being begot and bred in obſcureſt and ſecreteſt places, becauſe therefore his ſerpentine crawling and inſinuation ſhould not be ſuſpected, nor ſeen, he comes ſooneſt into great place, and is more able to deſtroy the worthieſt member, then a diſeaſe better born? Perchance as mice defeat Elephants by knawing their *Proboſcis*, which is their Noſe, this wretched Indian Vermine practiſeth to doe the ſame upon us. Or as the ancient furious Cuſtome and Connivency of ſome Lawes, that one might

might cut off their Noſe whome he deprehended in Adulterie, was but a Tipe of this; And that now more charitable lawes having taken away all Revenge from particular hands, this common Magiſtrate and Executioner is come to do the ſame office inviſibly? Or by withdrawing this conſpicuous part, the Noſe, it warnes us from all adventuring upon that Coaſt; for it is as good a mark to take in a flag as to hang one out. Poſſibly heate, which is more potent and active then cold, thought her ſelfe injured, and the Harmony of the world out of tune, when cold was able to ſhew the high-way to Noses in *Muscovia*, except ſhe found the meanes to doe the ſame in other Countries. Or becauſe by the conſent of all, there is an Analogy, Proportion, and affection between the Noſe and that part where this diſeaſe is firſt contracted, and therefore *Heliogabalus* choſe not his Minions in the Bath but by the Noſe: And *Albertus* had a knaviſh meaning when he preferd great Noſes; And the licentious Poet was *Naſo Poeta*. I think this reaſon is neareſt truth, That the Noſe is moſt compaſſionate with this part: Except this be nearer, that it is reaſonable that this Diſeaſe in particular ſhould affect the moſt eminent and perſpicuous part, which in general doth affect to take hold of the moſt eminent and conſpicuous men.

Why

12.

Why die none for Love now?

Becauſe women are become eaſyer. Or becauſe theſe later times have provided mankind of more new means for the deſtroying of themſelves and one another, *Pox*, *Gunpowder*, *Young marriages*, and *Controverſies* in *Religion*. Or is there in true Hiſtory no Precedent or Example of it? Or perchance ſome die ſo, but are not therefore worthy the remembring or ſpeaking of?

13.

Why do Women delight much in Feathers?

They think that Feathers imitate wings, and ſo ſhew their reſtleſſneſs and inſtability. As they are in matter, ſo they would be in name, like *Embroiderers*, *Painters*, and ſuch *Artificers* of curious *vanities*, which the vulgar call *Pluminaries*. Or elſe they have feathers for the ſame reaſon, which moves them to love the unworthieſt men, which is, that they may be thereby excuſable in their inconſtancy and often changing.

Why

14.

Why doth not Gold ſoyl the fingers?

Doth it direct all the venom to the heart? Or is it becauſe bribing ſhould not be diſcovered? Or becauſe that ſhould pay purely, for which pure things are given, as *Love*, *Honor*, *Justice* and Heaven? Or doth it ſeldom come into innocent hands but into ſuch as for former foulneſs you cannot diſcern this?

Why

15.

Why do great men of all dependants, chuſe to preſerve their little Pimps?

It is not becauſe they are got neareſt their ſecrets, for they whom they bring come nearer. Nor commonly becauſe they and their bawds have lain in one belly, for then they ſhould love their brothers aſwel. Nor becauſe they are witneſſes of their weakneſs, for they are weak ones. Either it is becauſe they have a double hold and obligation upon their maſters for providing them ſurgery and remedy after, aſwel as pleaſure before, and bringing them always ſuch ſtuff, as they ſhal always need their ſervice? Or becauſe they may be received and entertained every where, and Lords fling off none but they ſuch as they may deſtroy by it. Or perchance we deceive our ſelves, and every Lord having many, and, of neceſſity, ſome riſing, we mark only theſe.

Why

16.

Why are Courtiers ſooner Atheiſts then men of other conditions?

Is it becauſe as *Phyſitians* contemplating Nature, and finding many abſtruſe things ſubject to the ſearch of Reaſon, thinks therefore that all is ſo; so they (ſeeing mens deſtinies, mad at Court, neck out and in joynt there, *War*, *Peace*, *Life* and *Death* derived from thence) climb no higher? Or doth a familiarity with greatneſs, and daily converſation and acquaintance with it breed a contempt of all greatneſs? Or becauſe that they ſee that opinion or need of one another, and fear makes the degrees of ſervants, Lords and Kings, do they think that God likewiſe for ſuch Reaſon hath been mans Creator? Perchance it is becauſe they ſee Vice proſper beſt there, and, burthened with ſinne, doe they not, for their eaſe, endeavour to put off the feare and Knowledge

of

of God, as facinorous men deny Magiſtracy? Or are the moſt Atheiſts in that place, becauſe it is the foole that ſaid in his heart, There is no God.

17.

Why are ſtateſmen moſt incredulous?

Are they all wiſe enough to follow their excellent pattern *Tiberius*, who brought the ſenate to be diligent and induſtrious to believe him, were it never so oppoſite or diametricall, that it deſtroyed their very ends to be believed, as *Aſinius Gallus* had almoſt deceived this man by believing him, and the Major and Aldermen of *London* in *Richard* the Third? Or are buſineſſes (about which theſe men are converſant) ſo conjecturall, ſo ſubject to unſuſpected interventions that they are therefore forc'd to ſpeak oraculouſly, whiſperingly, generally, and therefore eſcapingly, in the language of Almanack-makers for weather? Or are thoſe (as they call them) *Arcana imperii*, as by whom the Prince provokes his luſt, and by whom he vents it, of what Cloath his ſocks

ſocks are, and ſuch, ſo deep, and ſo irreveald, as any error in them is inexcuſable? If theſe were the reaſons, they would not only ſerve for ſtate-buſineſs. But why will they not tell true, what a Clock it is, and what weather, but abſtain from truth of it, if it conduce not to their ends, as Witches will not name Jeſus, though it be in a curſe? eithere they know little out of their own Elements, or a Cuſtom in one matter begets an habite in all. Or the lower ſort imitate Lords, they their Princes, theſe their Prince. Or elſe they believe one another, and ſo never hear truth. Or they abſtain from the little Channel of truth, leaſt, at laſt, they ſhould *finde the fountain it ſelf, God.*

Why

18.

Why was Sir Walter Raleigh thought the fitteſt Man, to write the Hiſtorie of theſe Times?

Was it becauſe that being told at his Arraignement, that a Witneſs accuſing himſelf had the ſtrength of two; he may ſeem by Writing the ills of his own Time to be believed? Or is it, becauſe he might reenjoy thoſe Times by the Meditation of them? Or becauſe if he ſhould undertake higher Times, he doth not think, that he can come nearer to the Beginning of the World? Or becauſe like a Bird in a Cage, he takes his Tunes from every paſſenger, that laſt whiſtled? Or becauſe he thinks not that the beſt Echo which repeats moſt of the Sentence, but that which repeats Leſs more plainly?

The

CHARACTERS

I.

The Character of a Scot *at the first ſight.*

At his firſt appearing in the *Charterhouſe*, an Olive-coloured Veluet ſuit owned him, which ſince became mous-colour, A pair of unſkour'd ſtockings-gules, One indifferent ſhooe, his band of *Edenburgh*, and cuffs of *London*, both ſtrangers to his ſhirt, a white feather in a hat that had bin ſod, one onely cloak for the rain, which yet he made ſerve him for all weathers: A Barren-half-acre of Face, amidſt whereof an eminent Noſe advanced himſelf, like the new Mount at *Wanſted*, overlooking his Beard, and all the wilde Country thereabouts; He was tended enough, but not well; for they were certain dumb creeping Followers, yet they made

made way for their Maſter, the Laird. At the firſt preſentment his Breeches were his Sumpter, and his Packets, Trunks, Cloak-bags, Portmanteau's and all; He then grew a Knight-wright, and there is extant of his ware at 100*l.* 150*l.* and 200*l* price. Immediately after this, he ſhifteth his ſuit, ſo did his Whore, and to a Bear-baiting they went, whither I followed them not, but *Tom. Thorney* did.

The

2.

The true Character of a Dunce.

He hath a Soule drownd in a lump of Fleſh, or in a piece of Earth that *Prometheus* put not half his proportion of Fire into, a thing that hath neither edge of deſire, nor feeling of affection in it, The moſt dangerous creature for confirming an *Atheiſt*, who would ſtraight ſwear, his ſoul were nothing but the bare temperature of his body: He ſleeps as he goes, and his thoughts ſeldom reach an inch further than his eyes; The moſt part of the faculties of his ſoul lye Fallow, or are like the reſtive Jades that no ſpur can drive forwards towards the purſuite of any worthy deſign; one of the moſt unprofitable of all Gods creatures, being as he is, a thing put clean beſides his right uſe, made fitt for the cart & the flail, and by miſchance Entangled amongſt books and papers, a man cannot tel poſſible what he is now good for, ſave to move up and down

down and fill room, or to ſerve as *Animatum Inſtrumentum* for others to work withal in baſe Imployments, or to be a foyl for better witts, or to ſerve (as They ſay monſters do) to ſet out the variety of nature, and Ornament of the Univerſe, He is meer nothing of himſelf, neither eates, nor drinkes, nor goes, nor ſpits but by imitation, for al which, he hath ſet forms & faſhions, which he never varies, but ſticks to, with the like plodding conſtancy that a milhors follows his trace, both the muſes and the graces are his hard Miſtriſſes though he daily Invocate them, though he ſacrifize *Hecatombs*, they ſtil look a ſquint, you ſhall note him oft (beſide his dull eye and louting head, and a certain clammie benum'd pace) by a fair diſplai'd beard, a Nightcap and a gown, whoſe very wrincles proclaim him the true genius of formality, but of al others, his diſcours and compoſitions beſt ſpeak him, both of them are much of one ſtuf & faſhion, he ſpeaks juſt what his books or laſt company ſaid unto him without varying one whit & very ſeldom underſtands himſelf, you may know by his diſcourſe where he was laſt, for what he read or heard yeſterday he now diſchargeth his memory or notebook of, not his underſtanding, for it never came there; what

what he hath he flings abroad at al adventurs without accomodating it to time, place perſons or occaſions, he commonly loſeth himſelf in his tale, and flutters up and down windles without recovery, and whatſoever next preſents it ſelf, his heavie conceit ſeizeth upon and goeth along with, however *Heterogeneal* to his matter in hand, his jeſts are either old ſtead proverbs, or lean-ſtarv'd-hackny-*Apophthegm's*, or poor verball quips outworn by Servingmen, Tapſters and Milkmaids, even laid aſide by Balladers, He aſſents to all men that bring any ſhadow of reaſon, and you may make him when he ſpeaks moſt Dogmatically, even with one breath, to averr pure contradictions, His Compoſitions differ only *terminorum poſitione* from Dreams, Nothing but rude heaps of Immaterial-inchoherent droſſie-rubbiſh-ſtuffe, promiſcuouſly thruſt up together, enough to Infuſe dullneſs and Barrenneſs of Conceit into him that is ſo Prodigall of his eares as to give the hearing, enough to make a mans memory Ake with ſuffering ſuch dirtie ſtuffe caſt into it, as unwellcome to any true conceit, as Sluttiſh Morſells or Wallowiſh Potions to a Nice-Stomack which whiles he empties himſelfe of, it ſticks in his Teeth nor can he be Delivered

livered without Sweate and Sighes, and Humms, and Coughs enough to ſhake his Grandams teeth out of her head; Heel ſpitt, and ſcratch, and yawn, and ſtamp, and turn like ſick men from one elbow to another, and Deſerve as much pitty during this torture as men in Fits of Tertian Feavors or ſelfe laſhing Penitentiaries; in a word, Rip him quite aſunder, and examin every ſhred of him, you ſhall finde him to be juſt nothing, but the ſubject of Nothing, the object of contempt, yet ſuch as he is you muſt take him, for there is no hope he ſhould ever become better.

An

UPB

21.

An Eſſay of Valour.

I am of opinion that nothing is ſo potent either to procure or merit Love, as Valour, and I am glad I am ſo, for thereby I ſhall do my ſelf much eaſe, becauſe Valour never needs much wit to maintain it: To ſpeak of it in it ſelf, It is a quality which he that hath, ſhall have leaſt need of, ſo the beſt League between Princes is a mutual fear of each other, it teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefly to hold the Lye unſufferable, though being alone, he holds finds no hurt it doth him, It leaves it ſelf to others cenſures, for he that brags of his own valour, diſſwades others from believing it, It feareth a word no more than an Ague, It always makes good the Owner, for though he be generally held a fool, he ſhall ſeldom hear ſo much by word of mouth, and that enlargeth him more than any ſpectacles, for it maketh a little

little fellow be called a tall man, it yeilds the wall to none but a woman, whoſe weakneſs is her prerogative, or a man ſeconded with a woman as an uſher, which always goes before his betters, It makes a man become the witneſs of his own words, and ſtand to whatever he hath ſaid, and thinketh it a reproach to commit his reviling unto the Law, it furniſheth youth with action, and age with diſcourſe, and both by futures, for a man muſt ever boaſt himſelf in the preſent tenſe, and to come nearer home, nothing drawes a woman like to it; for Valour towards men, is an Emblem of an ability towards women, a good quality ſignifies a better. Nothing is more behooffull for that Sex; for from it they receive protection, and we free from the danger of it: Nothing makes a ſhorter cut for obtaining, for a man of Arms is always void of Ceremony, which is the wall that ſtands between *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*, that is, *Man* and *Woman*, for there is no pride in women but that which rebounds from our own baſeneſſe (as Cowards grow valiant upon thoſe that are more Cowards) ſo that only by our pale asking we teach them to deny, and by our ſhamefac'dneſs, we put them in minde to be modeſt, whereas indeed it is cunning

Rhetorick

Rhetorick to perſwade the hearers that they are that already which he would have them to be; This kinde of baſhfulneſs is far from men of Valour, and eſpecially from ſouldiers, for ſuch are ever men (without doubt) forward and confident, loſing no time leaſt they ſhould loſe opportunity, which is the beſt Factor for a Lover, and becauſe they know women are given to diſſemble, they will never believe them when they deny, *Whilome* before this age of wit, and wearing black, were broke in upon us, there was no way known to win a Lady but by Tylting, Turnying, and riding through Forreſts, in which time theſe ſlender ſtriplings with little legs were held but of ſtrength enough to marry their widows, and even in our days there can be given no reaſon of the Inundation of Servingmen upon their Miſtreſſes, but (only) that uſually they carry their Maſters Weapons, and his Valour: To be accounted handſome, juſt, learned, or well favoured, all this carries no danger with it, but it is to be admitted to the Title of Valiant Acts, at leaſt the adventuring of his mortality, and al women take delight to hold him safe in their arms who hath 'ſcapt thither through many dangers: To ſpeak at once, Man hath a priviledge in Valour; In

clothes

clothes and good faces we but imitate women, and many of that Sex will not think much (as far as an anſwer goes) to diſſemble wit too. So then theſe neat youths, theſe women in mens apparel are too near a woman to be beloved of her, They be both of a Trade, but be grim of aſpect, and ſuch a one as Glaſs dares take, and ſhe will deſire him for neatneſs and varietie; A ſkar in a mans face is the ſame that a mole in a womans; a Jewel ſet in white to make it ſeem more white, for the ſkar in a man is a mark of honour and no blemiſh, for 'tis a ſkar and a blemiſh too in a Souldier too to be with out one: Now as for al things elſe which are to procure Love, as a good face, wit, good clothes, or a good body, each of them I confeſs may work ſomewhat for want of a better, That is, *if Valour be not their Rivall*; A good face avails nothing if it be in a coward that is baſhfull, the utmoſt of it is to be kiſſ'd, which rather encreaſeth then quencheth appetite; He that ſends her gifts ſends her word alſo, that he is a man of ſmall gifts otherwiſe, for wooing by ſigns and tokens implies the Author dumb; and if *Ovid* who writ *the Law of Love*, were alive (as he is extant) would allow it as good a diverſity, that gifts ſhould be ſent as gratuities

tuities, not as bribes; Wit getteth rather promiſe then Love, Wit is not to be ſeen, and no woman takes advice of any in her loving, but of her own eyes, and her waiting womans; Nay which is worſe, wit is not to be felt, and ſo no good fellow; Wit apply'd to a woman makes her diſſolve (or diſcloſe) her ſimpering, and diſcover her teeth with laughter, and this is ſurely a purge for love; for the beginning of love is a kind of fooliſh melancholy, as for the man that makes his Taylor his Bawd, and hopes to inveagle his Love with ſuch a coloured ſuit, ſurely the ſame deeply hazards the loſs of her favour upon every change of his clothes; So likewiſe for the other, that Courts her ſilently with a good body, let me certifie him that his clothes depend upon the comelyneſſe of the body, and ſo both upon opinion; ſhe that hath been ſeduced by Apparel, let me give her to wit, *that men always put off their clothes before they go to bed*; and let her that hath been enamour'd of her ſervants body, underſtand, *that if ſhe ſaw him in a ſkin of cloth*, that is, in a ſuit made to the pattern of his body, *ſhe would ſee ſlender cauſe to love him ever after*; there are no clothes ſit ſo well in a woman's eye, as a ſuit of Steel, though not of the faſhion, and no man ſo

ſoon

ſoon ſurpriſeth a womans affections as he that is the ſubject of all whiſperings, and hath always twenty ſtories of his own deeds depending upon him; Miſtake me not, I underſtand not by valour one that never fights but when he is back'd by drink or anger, or hiſſ'd on with beholders, nor one that is deſperate, nor one that takes away a Servingmans weapons when perchance it coſt him his quarters wages, nor yet one that wears a Privy coat of defence and therein is confident, for then ſuch as made Bucklers, would be accounted the *Catalines* of this Commonwealth—I intend one of an even Reſolution grounded upon reaſon, which is always even, having his power reſtrained by the Law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for Valour and therefore I muſt be a man of few words.